

editions, *editions de luxe*, serial rights and
translation rights
— all of which, under the agreement, would
have belonged
to the publisher — he earned by those twelve
books fully
twenty times the amount of money he had
covenanted to
take for them.

That said, it is as well to return to the year
1872, and
show how, his long spell of absolute ill-luck
ceasing, Zola,
while still encountering much hostility, which
presently
was to grow into a furious storm, gradually
advanced along
the path of success, assisted by literature's
handmaiden,
journalism, and cheered by the friendship of
some of the
foremost men of letters of his time.